



You've Been Selected



31 2 5

Chapter 1 by Victoire Weasley

Rosemarie woke up with a jolt. She quickly recognized her surroundings as her own room. But then why did it feel so unfamiliar? A quick glance at the walls told her that all her various posters, playbills, and knick-knacks were still there. And then ... That was, well, not new, but different. Her Big Board of Dreams, Ideas, and Inspiration was there, in the center of the wall, right where it had been in her old room, back before the fire, before her life had descended into a spiral of despair. But, that was impossible, it had burned, burned along with all the rest of the house. No. She shouldn't think about that. The cloud of hopelessness and despair that was constantly hanging above her head would only get larger. Instead, she decided to inspect the board on her wall. It was full of all the old stuff, but now it had picture of her new house, the yard, the porch, that beautiful flower she had found when they had first moved in. That was most definitely impossible. She had never taken those pictures, and even if she had, she wouldn't exactly have been able to put them on her board. There was something else, an envelope tucked into the corner of the board, addressed to her, Rosemarie Eastcott. She plucked the envelope out of the corner and tore it open. The letter read:

Hello there! If you are reading this, it means the world is ending. The universe had been in a fully dormant state for eons, but now it is awakening, causing the earth to crumble. The earth and all the beings on it will soon be gone. But I, and many others, have escaped. We are gathered in our secret base, and I, along with the other Selectors, have rescued certain individuals whom we think have the potential to survive. Can you prove me right, that you can truly aid in saving humanity? Because you have two options: Join our cause, and help save Earth, or be released into space with an equipment pod to attempt to survive on your own. And

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This isn't a normal human ability. Most humans can change the perspective on a subject, but that's a common trait to have. You, however, can actually modify the way something is. You have the power of Manipulation. You'll find out more about that later. First, you must eat something. You'll find that you have created a door on the north facing wall of your room just by reading this sentence. Go out that door and walk straight until you come to the first door on the left. Behind that door is the dining hall. Then, find the tray with your name on it. The tray will fill up with whatever you tell it, being reasonable, of course. No live animals or inedible things, like scrap metal. Unless you can eat scrap metal, but that would be weird. When you're done eating, you can find me in Room 930. You'll recognize me quickly, because I'll be the only one there with unnaturally colored hair.

Until then,

Lilia Jane Carter

Chapter 2 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



I turned to look behind me, and there was a door. I started towards it, but first I wanted to test out my "power of manipulation" as Lilia called it. I thought about changing the dark purple walls of my old room to an egg yolk yellow. I closed my eyes and thought about that egg yolk yellow color, and how I wanted it on the walls of this room. I opened my eyes, and as expected, the walls were an egg yolk yellow. I rubbed my eyes. I must have been going insane.

I opened the door and walked down to the dining hall.

Chapter 3 by someness



The gray walls were very bland so I concentrated and made them a cheery green. I looked for my tray. I finally found it. Made a unique seat appear and pushed it towards a group of young adults in a semi-circle. One turned over her hair and I felt paralyzed, my best guess is that is girl had mind control. I conjured up a walk to block her. A boy with emerald locks came around my wall, he smiled, then shouted something to the girl. His voice was raspy yet sweet and melodic. I didn't feel paralyzed anymore and was getting a sense of feeling back into my bony fingers. "You must be Daria" he shouted. I said "I am actually Daria" and gave him a shy smile. He

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